

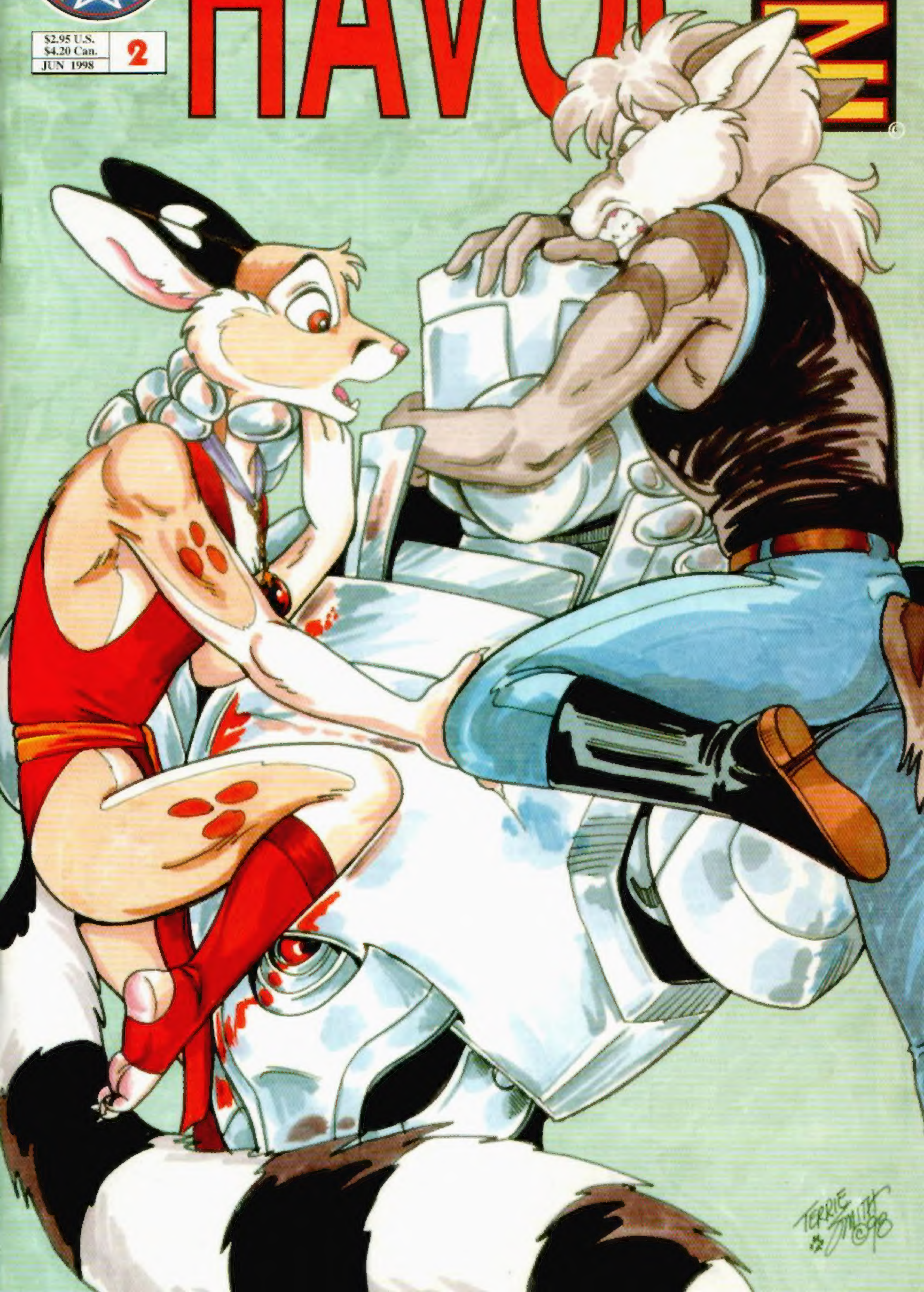
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HAVOC



HAVOC_{INC.}

SIX HUNDRED CREDITS FOR
'SCENT AND MASSAGE'?!

BUSINESS
EXPENSE.

SIX THOUSAND FOR
GOLD CHAINS?

THEY BRING OUT THE
HIGHLIGHTS IN MY EYES!

SIGHHH.

WHOA! FUEL? 'PORT FEES?
THESE LOOK LIKE VALID EXPENSES!

MY, MY! WILL
WONDERS NEVER CEASE?











LOOK, YOU MAY NOT BELIEVE IN CLOTHING, BUT THAT JACKET SET ME BACK A HUNDRED CREDITS!

EASY COME, EASY GO. THAT'S WHAT I LOVE ABOUT YOU!



I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT I COULD USE A DRINK TO RESTORE MY INNATE BOYISH CHARM.

WHY NOT?



WELL, WE SHOULD FIND SOMETHING IN HERE!

HMM?



HEY! REMEMBER THAT STUFF THEY SERVED IN THAT LITTLE INN ON VRES'TAIN? THEY'VE GOT IT!

YOU'RE KIDDING!





GEE, WHAT A SURPRISE.



EXCUSE ME.



WHY? WHAT'D YOU DO?

NOTHING. I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING.



I MUST HAVE GOTTEN A BAD BEER. I'M HEARING THINGS.

IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING IT, YOU GENTS LOOK LIKE TROUBLE!



STUPID. IT FIGURES. YOU WOULDN'T EXACTLY FIND ROCKET SCIENTISTS IN A PLACE LIKE THIS.



STILL, YOU MIGHT BE GOOD IN A FIGHT. BUY ME A DRINK, AND LET'S TALK.





MAN AFTER MY OWN HEART, I SEE!
MUST'VE COST YOU AN ARM AN' A LEG,
THE WAY PRICES ARE AROUND HERE.



NO-NO! MUSTN'T DO!
IT'S MANSLAUGHTER.



INTERESTED IN A
LITTLE PROPOSITION?

NO.

GOOD, BUT MUM'S THE
WORD. YOU TALK, I
HAVE TO KILL YOU!



I'M A PIRATE, SEE?
I'M LOOKING FOR SOME
HANDS FOR A LITTLE JOB
I HAVE PLANNED, AN'
YOU TWO LOOK LIKE
YOU'LL DO NICELY!



OH. A PIRATE.
SHOULD I BEG FOR MERCY NOW, OR
WOULD I BE WASTING MY TIME?



NO, REALLY!
EEP!



DRUNK AND OUT OF HIS TINY MIND. ANOTHER QUIET EVENING SHOT TO HELL.



THERE'S AN ORE CARRIER AT THE SPACEPORT. IT'S DISGUISED, BUT I KNOW BETTER. I MEAN TO LOOT HER FINERY FOR MYSELF. WANNA' COME?



I THINK I KNOW THE ONE YOU MEAN. THE HALF MOON OUT OF DIVANNA.

'AT'S THE ONE. I'M CAPTAIN REGULO, A SOON TO BE FAMOUS PIRATE RAIDER. I MEAN TO HAVE HER CARGO. I JUST, WELL, NEED A LITTLE MUSCLE FOR THE JOB.

NOT TO MENTION A LITTLE THERAPY.



CHESTER, REFRESH MY MEMORY. OUR CARGO IS WHAT?

THAT'S RIGHT. SHE'S A GOLD SHIP, CAP'N! ELYRIA IS TRANSFERRING A BIG SHIPMENT TO THE SYSTEM BANK.

SLAG METAL.

CHES! NO!

SHIPPING IT IN A RUSTPOT LIKE THAT!
GOOD PLAN. IT'S GETTING SO YOU
CAN'T TRUST ANYONE. PIRATES
EVERYWHERE, YOU KNOW.



'SCUSE US A MOMENT, CAPTAIN.
SMALL CONFERENCE.



LOOK, PEACHES! I DON'T CARE
HOW BORED YOU ARE. WE DON'T
NEED TO BEG FOR TROUBLE!



I'M JUST MAKING
SMALL TALK.

(NO TRICKS?)



TRICKS?
ME?

NOT TO PRY, BUT I THOUGHT
YOU WERE A PIRATE.



NOT A PIRATE, MY BOY.
THE PIRATE...

I'LL SOON HAVE THE SYSTEM IN
THE PALM OF MY HAND. WITH
YOUR HELP, OF COURSE. WHAT'RE
YOUR NAMES, BY THE WAY?





WHAT'S WITH YOUR PAL?
YOU TWO ON THE OUTS?
I DON'T NEED UNHAPPY
CAMPER'S ON THIS JOB,
YOU KNOW.



UHHH...



THAT'S BETTER...I THINK.
CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE MY TROOPS
FIGHTING ON THE JOB. THERE'S
TOO MUCH RIDING ON THIS.



OH, WE'D NEVER FIGHT,
WOULD WE, 'IRVING'?
COOCHIE-COO!

WAIT'LL I GET
YOU ALONE!

LOOK, CHRIS. WE'RE JUST KEEPING HIM OUT
OF TROUBLE UNTIL HE SOBERS UP. HE'S
HARMLESS. TAKE IT FROM ME. I KNOW
PIRATES, OR HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN?



HEY, THE WAY HE'S GOING AT IT, WE'LL
HAVE HIM LOOTING A DUMPSTER IN NO TIME.
HE LEAVES FOR HOME HAPPY AS A LARK AND
WE HEAD BACK TO THE HALF MOON FOR A
QUIET LIFTOFF. WHAT'S THE HARM?



HEY, IRV!
LET'S SEAL THE
DEAL WITH A DRINK!
GOT ANY MORE?

NOT ON ME,
YOU LITTLE...

NOW NOW, IRV. NO TIME TO
WASTE FLATTERING THE BOSS.
WE'D BETTER HAUL OUT
OF HERE. TIME'S MONEY!



GOOD POINT. LET'S GET GOING.
COULD SOMEONE HELP ME DOWN?

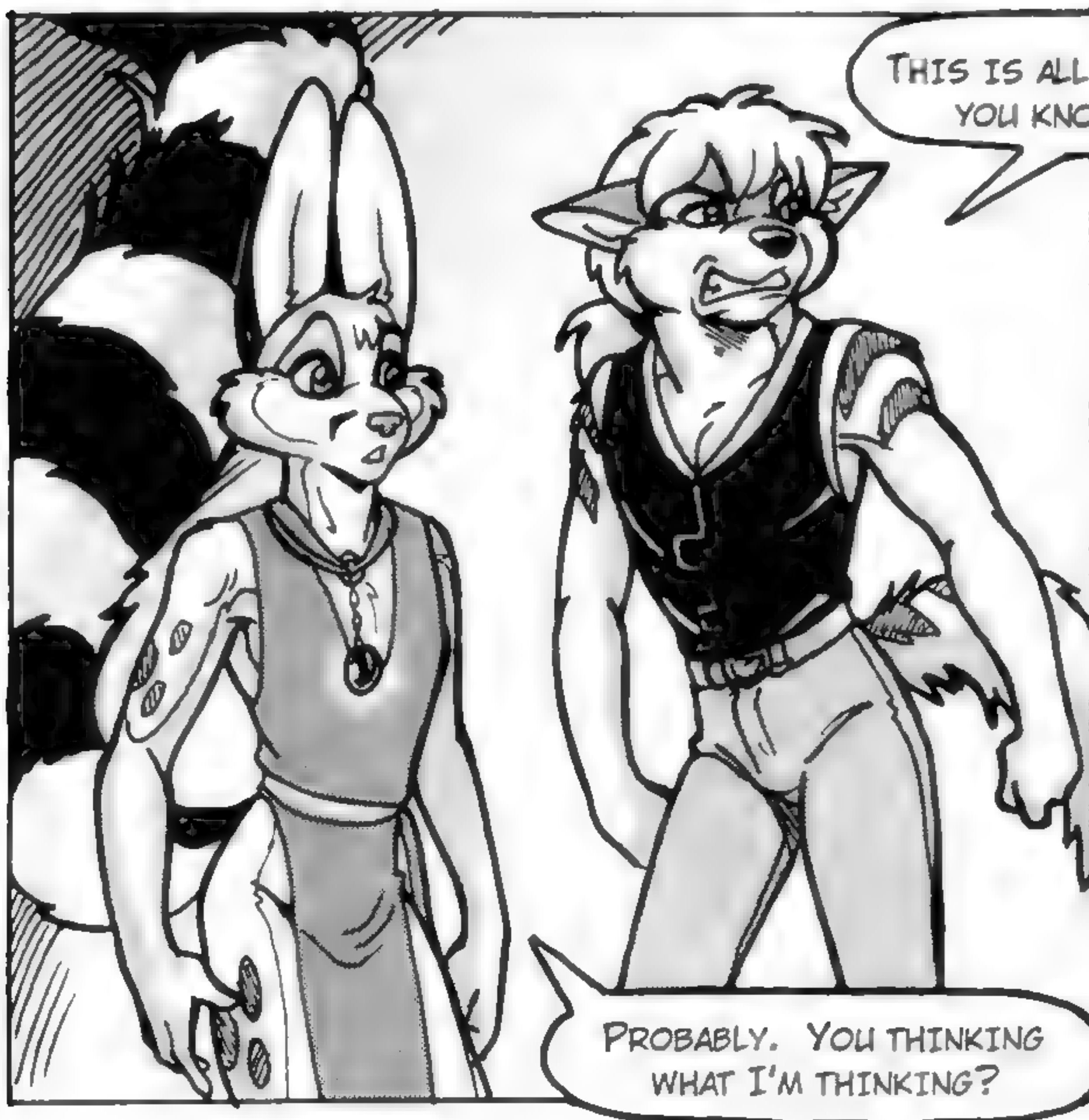


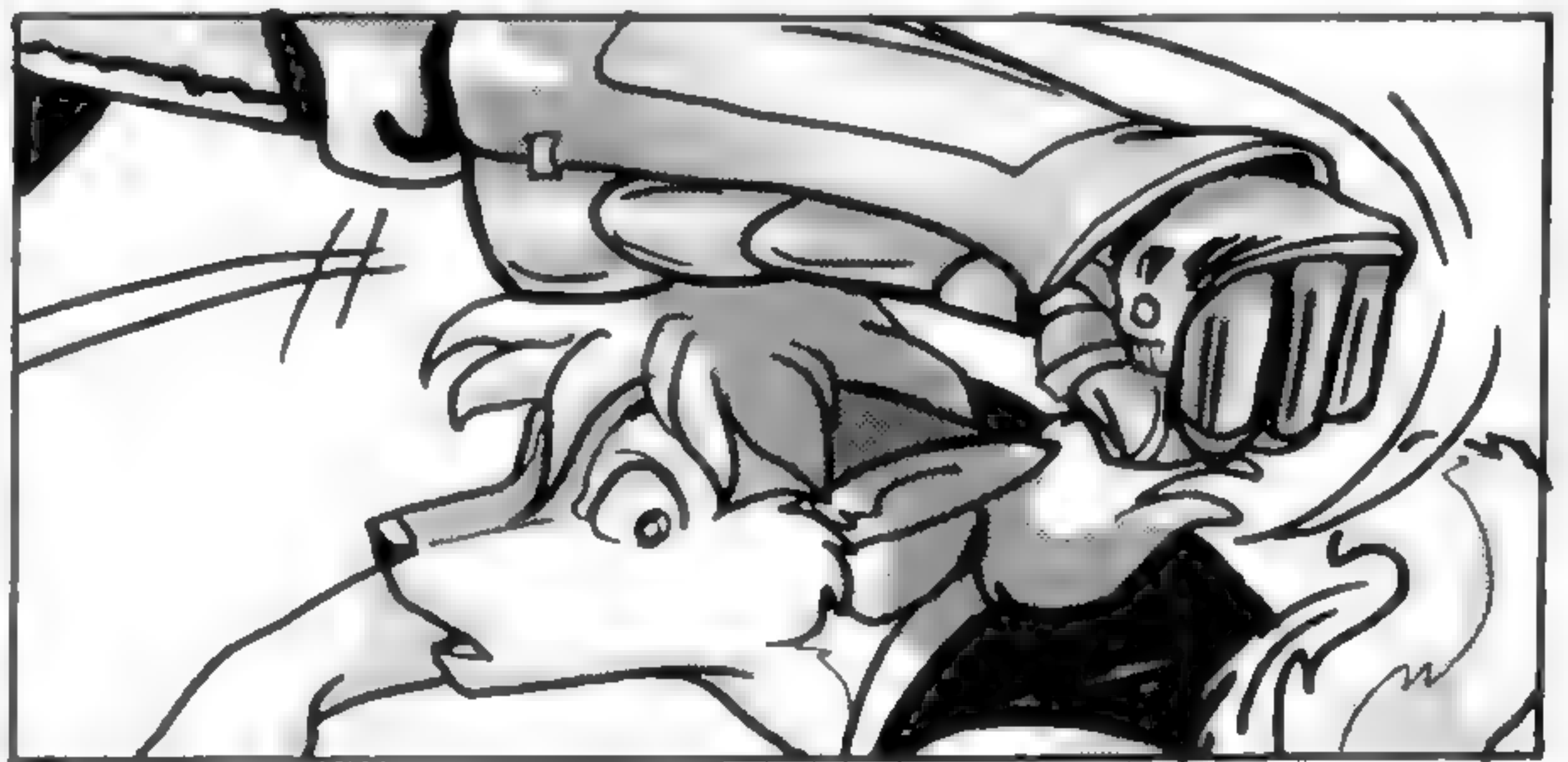
I AM THE LUCKIEST OF MEN!
TWO VICIOUS, CRUEL
PIRATES TO AID ME IN MY
CAUSE! WHEN NEXT YOU
SEE ME, I SHALL BE
COVERED IN GLORY!

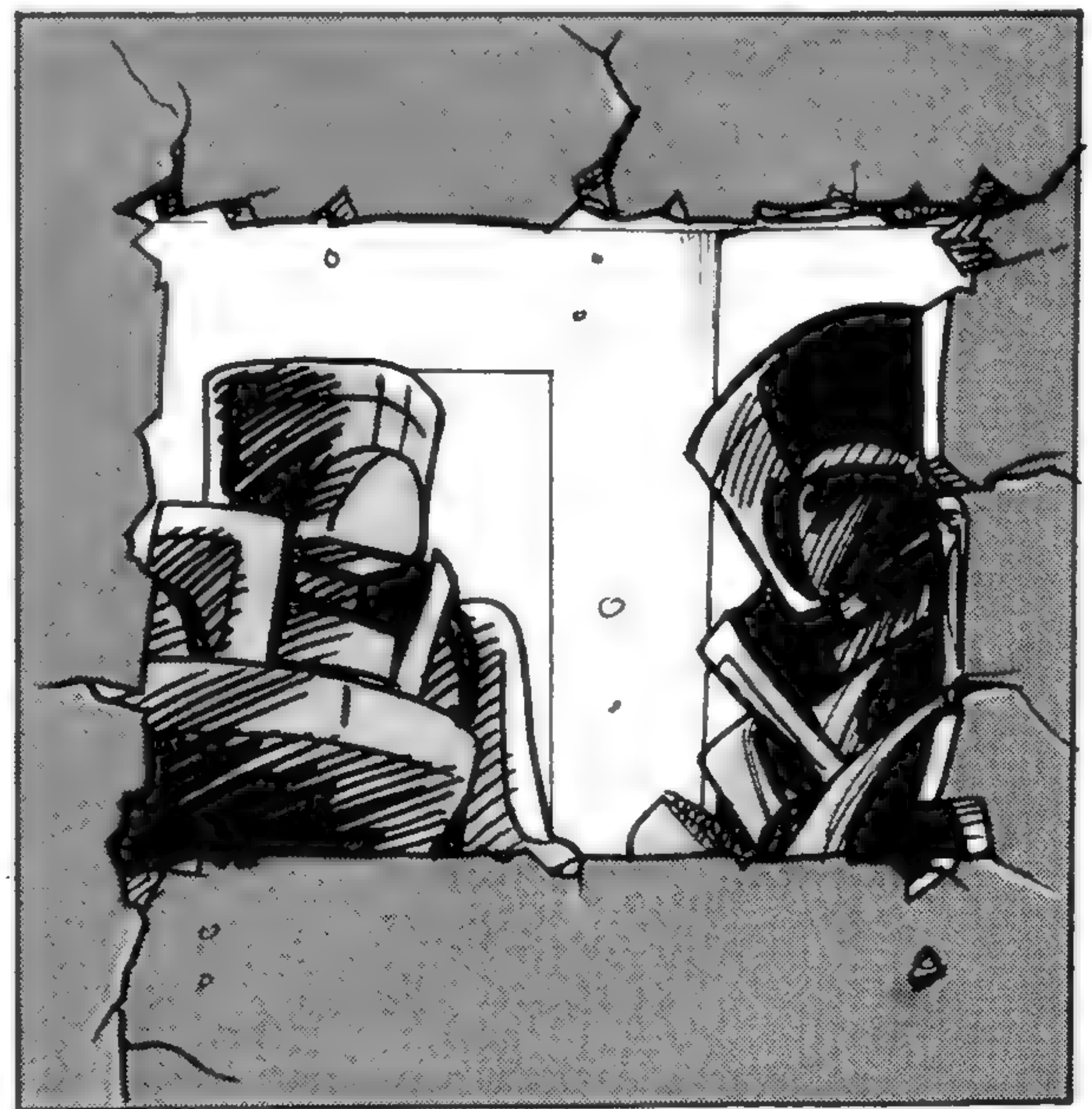
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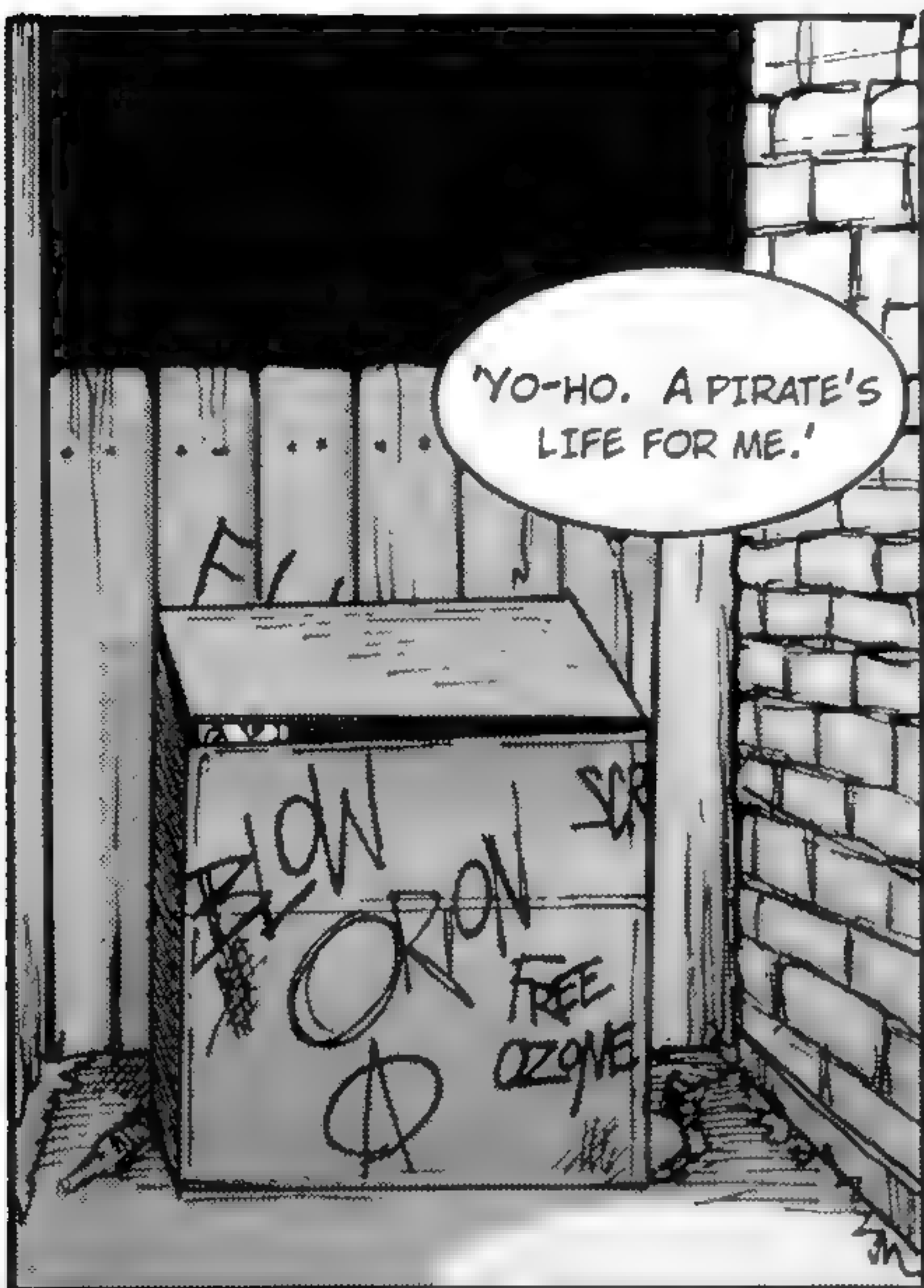


NO, REALLY! I'VE NEVER
SEEN THEM BEFORE!
THEY AREN'T WITH ME!













WE'VE GOT ANOTHER FIRE IN ENGINEERING!

HELM DOESN'T SEEM TO BE RESPONDING.

LIFE SUPPORT... ERR... AT 10 PERCENT.

CAN WE SEND A MAYDAY YET?

WELCOME ABOARD. THE KITE WAS HOVERING OVERHEAD ALL ALONG. I JUST (HIC) PAGED HER WHEN WE WERE READY TO COME ABOARD. TELEPORTATION.



SIR? WE'VE FOUND A FEW MORE BUGS SINCE YOU LEFT.

WRITE 'EM DOWN, MR. WILSON. THE LEASE'LL COVER THE REPAIRS.



'LEASE?'



THE CAP'N LEASED THE SHIP AS SURPLUS. TROUBLE WAS, HE DIDN'T HAVE THAT LITTLE EXTRA FOR THE FRILLS.



FRILLS?

NEW WIRING, A RADIO, WORKING GUNS...

THE... GUNS... DON'T... WORK?



MR. WILSON!

WE'RE SORT OF HOPING TO BLUFF OUR WAY THROUGH THE FIRST COUPLE OF RAIDS. JUST UNTIL WE HAVE THE EXTRA CASH FOR REFITTING.

HOW LONG UNTIL WE REACH
THE 'PORT, MR. WILSON?

CAP'N! MAJOR TRAFFIC
BELOW. LOOKS LIKE
SEVERAL LARGE TRUCKS
FOLLOWING OUR COURSE!

IF WE CAN RESTART THE
FORWARD DRIVE? PROBABLY
AROUND FIVE MINUTES.

IF YOU'RE THROUGH PLAYING
PIRATE, I THINK IT'S TIME
WE GOT BACK TO THE SHIP.

WHY NOT? EVERYONE
ELSE SEEMS TO BE!

OKAY. FOLLOW
MY LEAD.

UH... RIGHT.

AHEM. CAPTAIN?
NED AND I HAVE
A SUGGESTION.

A CUNNING
PLOY?

THIS WASN'T SUPPOSED TO
HAPPEN! WHAT DO WE DO?



WE'LL HAVE TO STRIKE FIRST. SEIZE THE GOLD SHIP.



NED AND I VOLUNTEER. PUT US DOWN ON THE SHIP'S BRIDGE AND WE CAN TAKE HER. ONE FAST COMMANDO RAID SURPRISE.

IT'S PROBABLY ONLY A SKELETON CREW, NOW THAT THEY'RE IN PORT.



YOU'D... DO THAT FOR ME? (SNIFFLE)



IT'S THE PIRATE'S CREED!

WE HAVE A CREED?

ERR... YES! NATURALLY! 'SACRIFICE FOR THE CREW!'



CAPTAIN! WE'RE APPROACHING THE SPACEPORT PERIMETER.

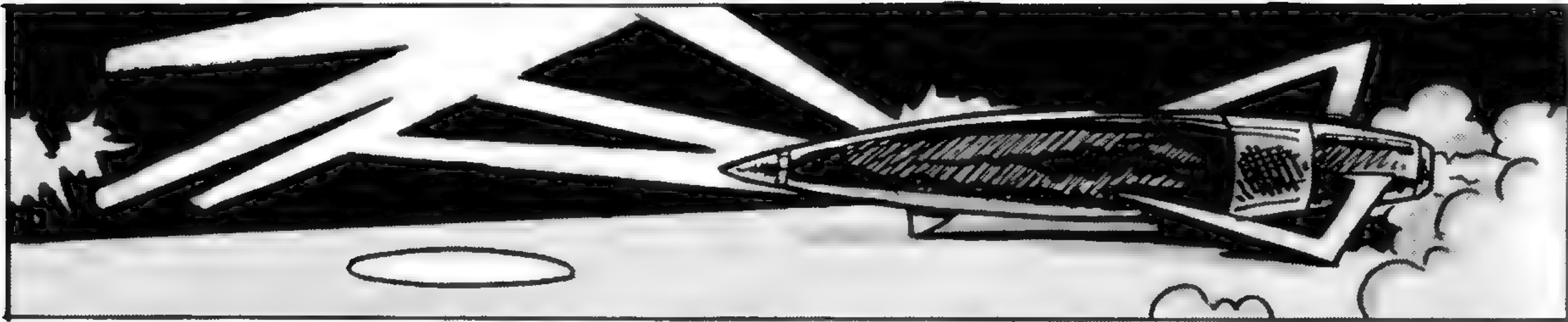


WE'VE GOT TO GET OFF-SHIP FAST! SOMEONE'S LIABLE TO SEND UP A PATROL TO INVESTIGATE A SHIP WITH NO RUNNING LIGHTS OR RADIO!

I KNOW. I'M SURPRISED THEY DIDN'T JUMP THESE GUYS THE MINUTE THEY ENTERED THE CITY'S AIR SPACE!

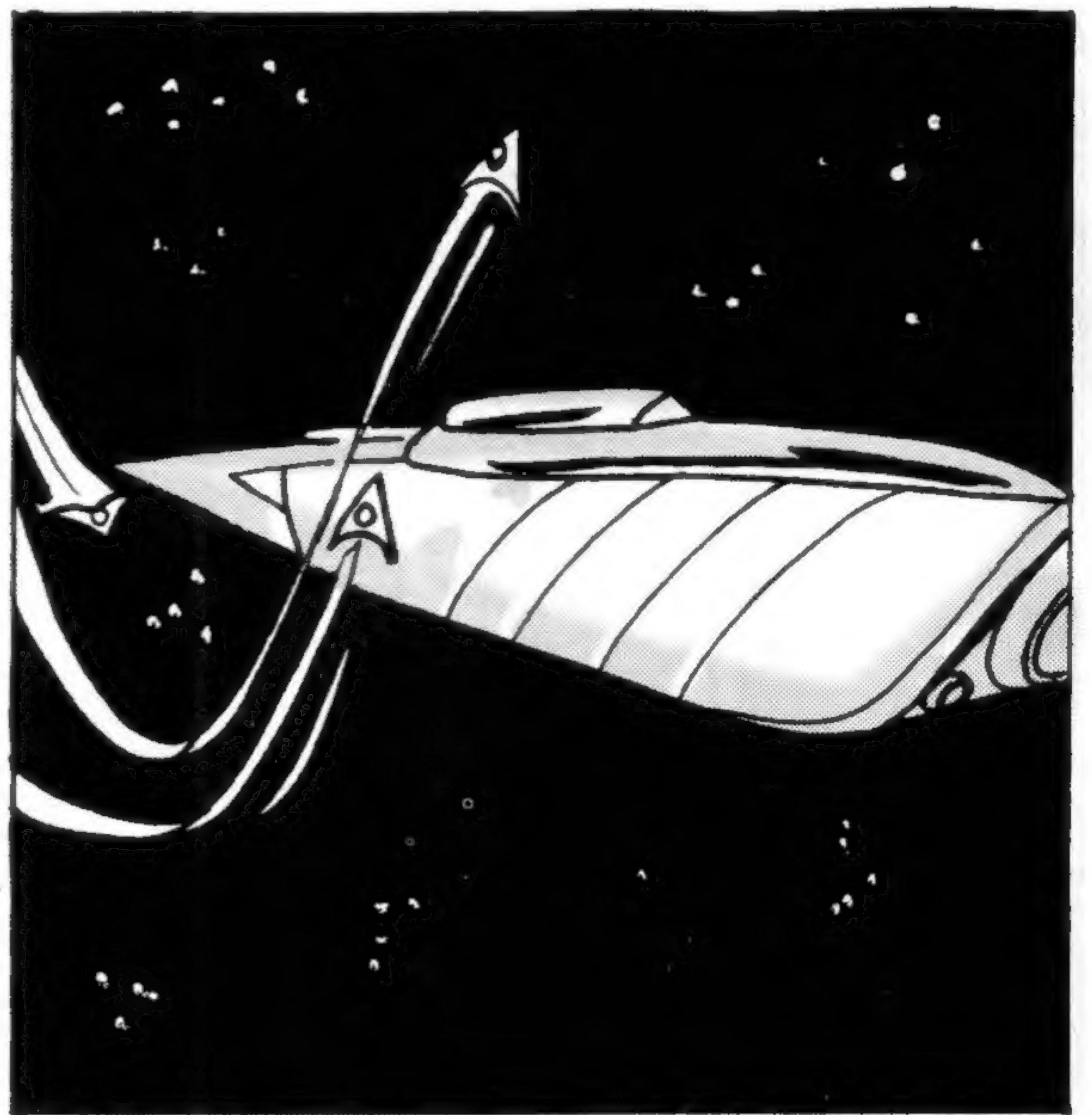
THAT MEANS WE PROBABLY HAVE THE PIRATE KING, OUR LITTLE METAL CHUMS, AND THE POLICE TO CONTEND WITH.

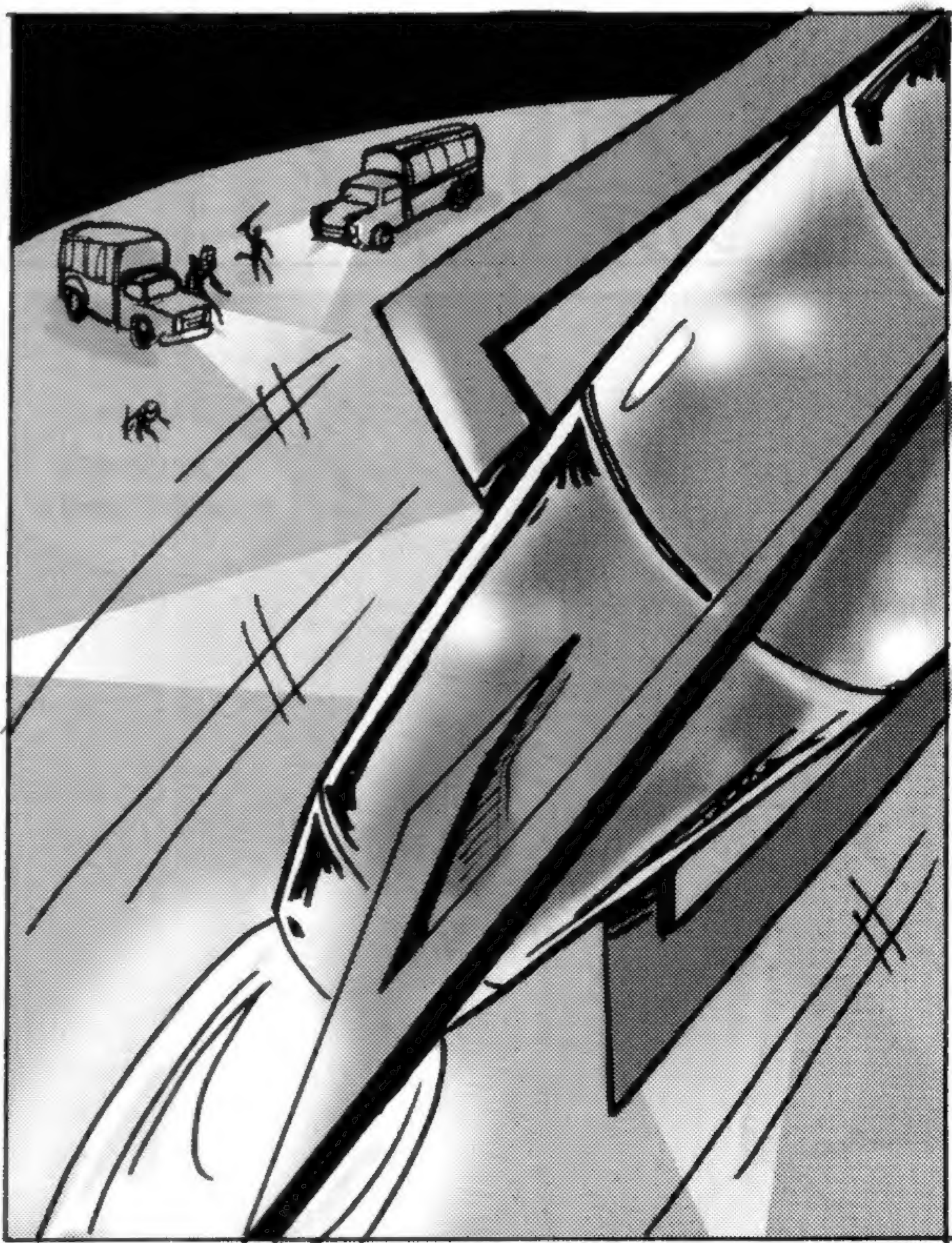
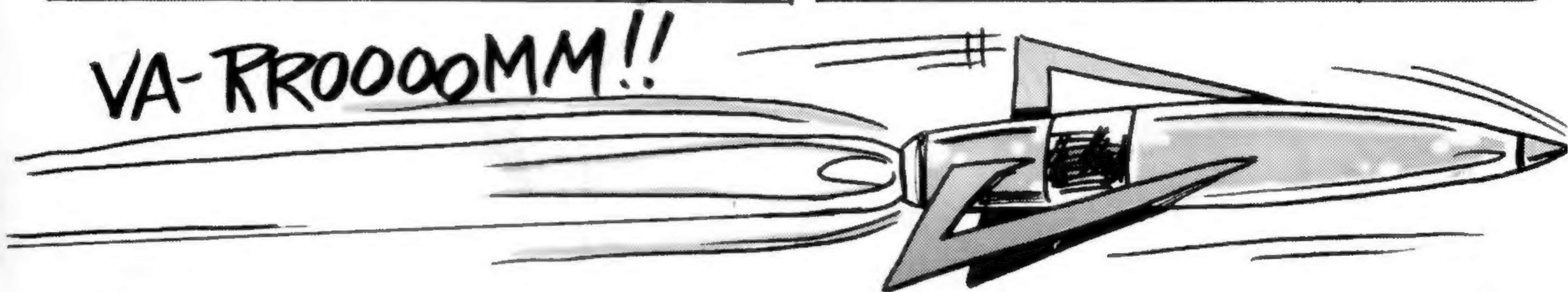
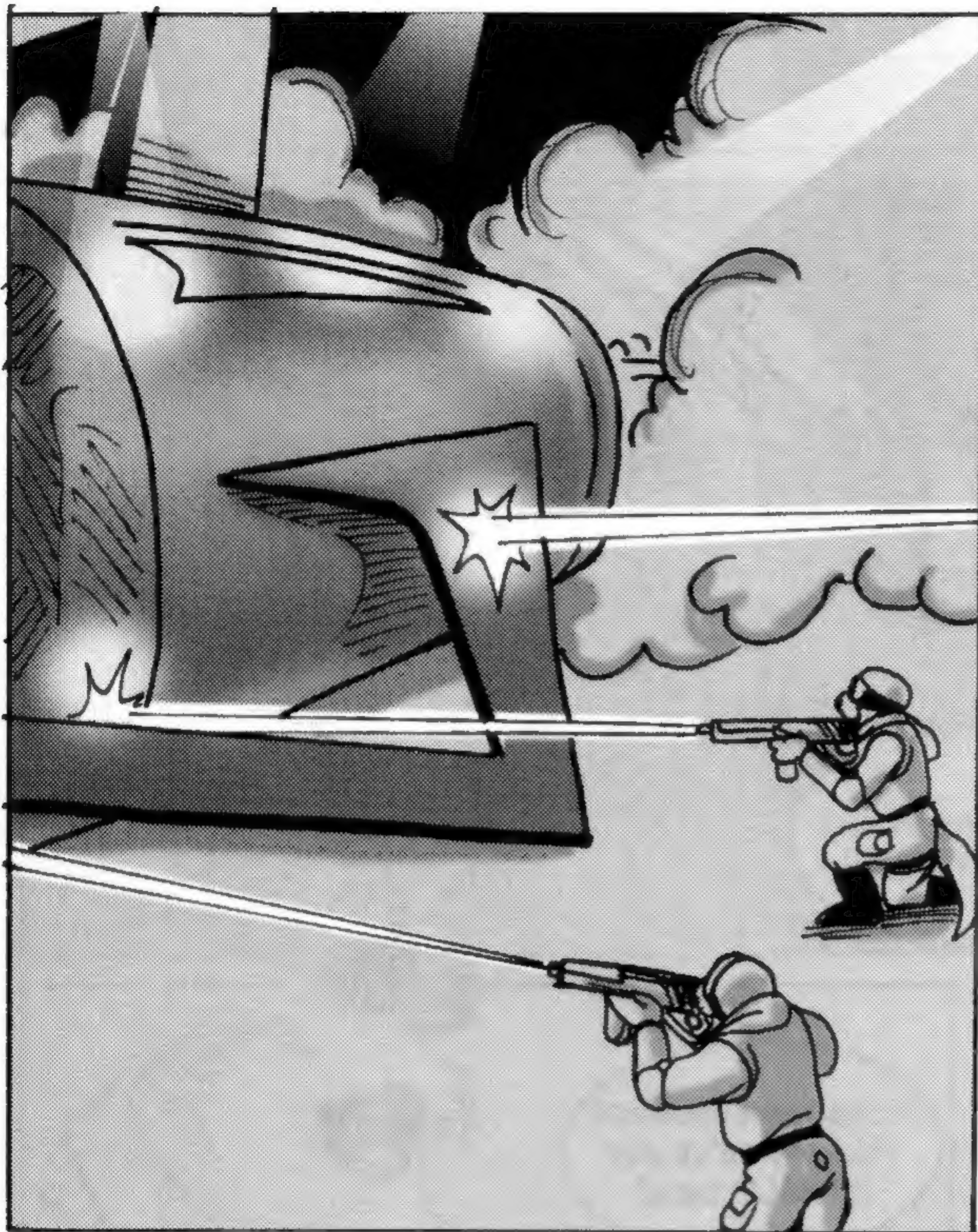




INCOMING AIRCRAFT.
PROBABLY ROBOT
SECURITY DRONES.









My...
TREASURE...?



THE NEW
RECRUITS?

NO, I'D STAKE MY LIFE
ON THEIR LOYALTY!



NO, THEY MUST HAVE
BEEN TRAPPED! CAPTURED!



ALONE AND ENSLAVED!
WILSON, WE'VE GOT
TO HELP THEM!



SIR, RADAR'S
GONE OUT AGAIN!

THEN HOW CAN
WE TRACK THEM?

THERE MAY STILL
BE A WAY...



WELL, WELL!

IS THE MASTER PIRATE FEELING
BETTER AFTER HIS BATH?



BETTER, BUT NOT PERFECT.
COME ON, CHRIS. ORB CAN
TAKE OVER. I NEED A
GOOD GROOMING!



AFTER WHAT YOU
JUST PUT ME THROUGH?



I COULD SCRATCH
BEHIND YOUR EARS.



WELL...

BESIDES, WE'RE RID
OF OUR LITTLE PAL
FOR GOOD! RIGHT?



AFTER ALL, HOW'S
HE EVER GOING TO
FIND US IN ALL
OF SPACE?